

ANOTHER POEM

McKenna, Edmond, 1879-1970

You were asking me for a poem for your readers,
When you were standing out on the street gay and hearty,
All ready to go for a walk in the park with your sweetheart,
As I passed on my to my job on the newspaper.

On my way coming home at three in the morning,
I was stopped there by the wreck of a woman,
Right where you stood on the street in the sunshine
All ready to go for a walk in the park with your sweetheart,

Honest to God, I gave her the hail in the lamplight
And bought her a rammer of rum in the saloon on the corner.
I planked half a dollar down on the bar,
The bartender pitched it into the till with the bishops.
I gave the old jade the change (three dimes and a nickel).
As I bade her goodbye I heard the cop's eye like a weasel's,
Saying as plain as if he were shouting,
"There's a young fool that is taking his chances."
(Dear man, that cop's eye was thinking of Hell).

Now speaking of poetry, this ain't"what people call pretty,
But I think it worthy of notice.